

TEA-TABLE DIALOGUES;

BETWEEN

Miss THOUGHTFUL		Maſt. THOUGHTFUL
Miss STERLING		Maſter GOODWILL
Miss PRATTLE		Maſter FOPLIN.

Wherein is delineated the
CHARMS of INNOCENCE and VIRTUE,
AND THE

PLEASURES of RURAL AMUSEMENTS.

Embelliſhed with CUTS.

Heav'n from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate :
All but the Page preſcrib'd—*their preſent State.*

L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXII.



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PARENTS and TUTORS.

TO fortify the Heart with Virtue, while we are leading Children thro' the Paths of Science, is an Object Parents and Tutors should never lose Sight of. The Care so religiously taken by some People, that their Children should read little else than the Old and New Testament, or the Psalms of David, is founded on so mistaken a Notion, that it seems unnecessary to use Arguments to confute it. I am far from endeavouring to exclude the sacred Writings from the Perusal of Children: They are the Foundation of Christian Knowledge, and open to us the only Paths to future Happiness. I am, however, for using them properly, and not, by permitting them to read nothing else at School, give them a Disgust for divine Studies when they quit their Tutors, and come into the World. Daily Experience teaches us, how fond even old Age is of Novelty: How, then can we expect, that the youthful Mind should not be equally eager in the Pursuit of it?

It was from Reflections like these, that I determined to form a little Collection of Dialogues, interwoven with Moral Tales, which, while they amused the Mind and pleased the Fancy, might improve the Heart and correct the Manners. I could not prevail on myself to use that cold and puerile Stile, for which some so strenuously argue; but, where I have raised the Language, in order to move the Passions, I am certain I have every where done it in such a Manner, as still to leave it intelligible to the meanest Capacity, and have, thro' the Whole, avoided even the Shadow of Indelicacy. It would be well worth the Parent and the Tutor's Trouble, carefully to notice the Effects the passionate Parts have on the Minds of their Pupils: A Hint of this Nature is sufficient to the Wise. I have pitched my Tent amidst the rural Scenes of Innocence and Retirement, where the Mind is most aptly prepared for Contemplation, by the Fall of Waters, the Murmuring of Rivulets, the enchanting Notes of the winged Choristers, and the solitary Gloom of Woods and Forests.





TEA-TABLE DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

Miss THOUGHTFUL, *Miss* STERLING,
Miss PRATTLE, &c.

Master THOUGHTFUL, *Master* GOODWILL,
Master FOPLIN, &c.

Prattle. **I** AM much surpris'd, ladies, when I hear any one expressing their astonishment, how people of sense and refinement can bury themselves, the whole year round, in a gloomy and solitary village, where nothing, say they, is to be met with but clowns and peasants, as rude and uncultivated as the homely cottages they live in.

Starling. I have heard some ladies say, that in town they have a thousand amusements, to which people in the country must be utter strangers. In wet weather the playhouses afford them a most excellent retreat, where they are sure to attract the attention of the whole audience, by talking so loud, as to put the performers out of their characters. In the summer time, Ranelagh is a most charming relief, where they walk round and round, and do nothing but—look at each other. At a party of cards, they are often much delighted to see the sorrowful countenance of lady Spendthrift, when she drives home by day-light in the morning with an empty purse!

Miss Thoughtful. I cannot but admire the answer of a lady of my mama's acquaintance to a conversation like this: we rise with the sun, said she, (at the time you go to bed) and breathe the sweet air of Aurora. Our woods and our gardens furnish us with the most innocent and pleasing retreats, where the winged choristers welcome our presence with the most enchanting notes. The flowers spring beneath our feet, and Nature supplies us with an inexhaustible treasure



treasure for contemplation. When the stern winter deprives us of these pleasures, we form ourselves into little societies, in which the affairs of the world are canvassed; not the particular actions of individuals, nor the rage of politics, but the general growth of good and evil. Every illustrious character in history passes, as it were, in review before us, and we nicely search into the source of their actions. With these we compare those of a different class, such as have rendered themselves, by mean, artful, and wicked actions, the just detestation of all reasonable beings. Thus, in a retreat, which you look upon as insupportable, we enjoy those pleasures, unknown amidst the noise and bustle of modern gaiety.

Sterling. For my part, I am for a country life, in general; though, I must confess, from what I have heard, I should like a trip now and then to London; not, I assure you, to take a part in the round of folly and dissipation of the rich, but to view that grand mart of the world, where so much business is transacted, and industry said to be so liberally rewarded. What say you, Master Goodwill, to this subject?

Good-

Goodwill. I am entirely of your opinion : I am for diversifying the scene. I know of no place like London, where, according to account, we can have such constant opportunities of mixing in what kind of company we please. I am told, however, that a person, who goes thither, ought to be well acquainted with the world, otherwise it is a chance if they do not pay dear for their curiosity. After all, it is a question, whether young people had not better avoid making the experiment. As I am sensible you all love poetry, I will read you a short song, which my uncle wrote a few years ago on this occasion.

Ye young men and ye maidens, who know when
 you're well,
 Who, with peace and contentment, in cottages
 dwell,
 Where in innocent mirth and true joys you
 abound,
 When you dance on the green to the tabour's
 sweet sound,
 Ne'er wish to experience the noise of a city :
 Believe me, their joys you'll not envy but pity :
 Their life's but a scene of vexation and pain :
 Like me, you would wish yourselves safe back
 again.

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Miss Thoughtful. I see the country bids fair for carrying the argument. However, I wish some of you would change the subject, and drop this for the present.

Sterling. Pray, what is Miss Hogarth about? She seems very busy with her pencil,

Hogarth. Tho' I did not join in the conversation, I am now prepared to convince you I have not been idle. I was so charmed with this brilliant company the moment I formed one of it, that I determined to draw all their pictures. Here they are, pray tell me what you all think of my performance.



Foplin.

Foplin. I do not think Miss Hogarth, I am much obliged to you : you have given me such a dress, as a London 'prentice would be ashamed to appear in. The make of the coat is quite unfashionable, the figure is too corpulent, the legs too long, and the head very indelicate.

Hogarth. O, Master Foplin, the world will not mind the figure of your head, when they know the contents of it.

Miss *Thoughtful.* For my part, I admire the picture much. I am always pleased with conversation pieces, which consider as the emblems of society and friendship.

Goodwill. That society is the source of friendship, is an opinion generally received. We are taught to consider every one, with whom we are intimately acquainted, as our friend. We are also taught to believe, that the person who joins with us, in either parties of pleasure, business, or amusement, assumes that name, which we are always ready to allow them ; and yet, the name of friend seems to convey to me an idea, which is seldom so nicely enquired into as the subject deserves. I should be glad to have Miss
Thought-

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Thoughtful's explanation of this matter, which seems to me a very delicate point.

Miss *Thoughtful*. I cannot say, Master Goodwill, that I am very much obliged to you for cutting me out so much work; yet vanity, so natural to our sex, which is ever ambitious to deserve applause, induces me to attempt it. One of the greatest blessings we can acquire, if I am not deceived in what my tutor tells me, is the possession of a true friend; but this name is not to be given to every one indiscriminately. I know of no instance of true friendship so striking as that of Phanor and Lausus, in a story which bears the title of Lausus and Lydia. The story is long, and will at present take up too much time. It is necessary I should shew you our gardens, and the surrounding woods, which will now be the more pleasant, as the heat of the day is decreasing with the setting sun. To-morrow I will begin the subject.

Master *Thoughtful*. I will be answerable, that my sister shall keep her word. That nothing may be wanting to make this walk agreeable to the ladies, Goodwill and I will take with us our flutes, whose sounds, caught
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by the echoes of one part of the wood, will seem to form a very full concert, I flatter myself, Miss Sterling will not refuse us the assistance of her melodious voice.

Sterling. I am always ready to contribute all in my power to innocent amusements.

Goodwill. How sweet are those pleasures which arise from the charms of rural simplicity, and which are unknown in the courts and palaces of princes !

D I A L O G U E II.

Master Thoughtful. AS the Tea-Table equipage is now removed, it is my business to remind my sister, that I was yesterday a kind of hostage for her fulfilling the promise she was so obliging as to make us. I think the promise was a picture of real friendship; and I doubt not but that it will be such as will afford us both pleasure and instruction.

Miss Thoughtful. I had not forgot my promise,

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mise, nor had I any desire to evade it. I will, without further hesitation, proceed.

Mezentius, king of Tyrrhene, was a bad prince and a good father; he was cruel and tender by turns, but, in these dispositions, as uncertain as the wind. He appeared neither the violent man, nor the tyrant, while every thing kept pace with his will.

He had a son, named Lausus, whose valour and beauty were the idol of Italy. Lausus had attended his father in the war against the king of Præneste, where Mezentius saw his son, covered with wounds, fighting and vanquishing by his side. The enemy, driven from his territories, and seeking his safety in flight, had left in the hands of the conqueror a treasure more precious than his crown, a princess, at the age when the heart has only the virtues of nature, and when nature has all the charms of innocence and beauty. In the countenance of Lydia, amidst the grief, courage, and dignity, the daughter of a king was easily distinguished, tho' surrounded by a croud of slaves.

Mezentius himself, astonished, forgot his pride and his age. Prosperity, which har-

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dens weak souls, softens proud hearts, and nothing is more gentle than a hero after gaining a victory.

If the savage heart of old Mezentius was not able to resist the charms of his captive, what must be the impression on the virtuous soul of young Lausus! He mourned over his exploits, and reproached himself with his victory; for it cost Lydia tears. With the most dreadful apprehensions, he saw Mezentius disarmed of his fury, and, on a sudden, melted into softness. He judged rightly, that humanity alone had not effected this revolution; and the fear of having his father for a rival completed his confusion.

Foplin. You see, ladies, what an absolute empire you hold over the hearts of mankind. The invincible hero, who has overturned armies and cities, is, at last, proud of laying his laurels at your feet. But pray Miss, proceed.

Miss Thoughtful. In old age jealousy follows close upon love. The tyrant observed the eyes of Lausus with uneasy attention, and plainly perceived, that this victory, the first fruits of his valour, were forgotten in his attention to the captive beauty.

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From that instant he considered himself as betrayed ; but, before Mezentius condemned his son, he wanted to convict him. He began with dissembling his own passion with so much art, that the prince looked on his former fears as vain, and considered the attention of love, as nothing more than the effects of clemency. At first, he affected to allow Lydia all the appearances of liberty ; but the tyrant's court was full of spies and informers : the usual retinue of men of power, who, not able to make themselves beloved, place their greatness in making themselves feared.

Lausus was no longer afraid of paying Lydia a respectful homage. He mingled with his sentiments an interest so delicate and so tender, that Lydia very soon began to reproach herself for the hatred she had entertained for her enemy ; while Lausus on his side, lamented that he had contributed to Lydia's misfortunes. Lydia's replies, which were full of modesty and greatness, left no room for Lausus to perceive any thing more than an easy gratitude ; tho', in reality, her heart was too sensible of the care he took to console her.

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Good-

Goodwill. I see Miss Hogarth has been busying herself again with her pencil. Pray, Miss, let us view what you have done.

Hogarth. I have been drawing the pictures of the two amiable persons, Miss Thoughtful is now giving us the history of; I have also placed over them the figure of Cupid, wounding their hearts with the arrows of love. Here it is for your inspection; but do not, by your comments thereon, interrupt Miss Thoughtful in her story.



Miss *Thoughtful*. In the mean time, as their conferences grew more frequent, so they became more animated, interesting, and intimate, and love insensibly made its way thro' respect

respect and gratitude; as a flower, which, in order to blow, opens the slight texture in which it is enfolded. Deceived more and more by the feigned tranquility of Mezentius, the credulous Lausus flattered himself, that he should very soon see his duty accord with his inclinations, and nothing, in his opinion, was easier than to reconcile them. The treaty of peace he had meditated, was reduced to two articles: to restore to king Præneste his crown and his territories, and to make his marriage with the princess the band of union between the two powers.

He communicated this project to Lydia, with so much seeming joy and transport, as surprised the lovely captive into a smile mingled with tears: "Generous prince, (said she to him) may heaven fulfil the wishes you pour out for my father! I shall not be sorry that I am made the pledge of peace, and the price of gratitude." This touching reply was accompanied with a look still more touching. But, alas! all this reached the ears of the tyrant.

Sterling. I begin to tremble for the consequences; for love, in an old man and a

tyrant, is said to be productive of the most disastrous events, when thwarted by jealousy or disdain !

Miss Thoughtful. Mezentius, in his first transport, would have hurried him to sacrifice his rival ; but his son was the only support of his crown, the only barrier between the people and him : the same stroke would have rendered him completely odious to the people, and have taken from him the only defender, whom he could oppose to the public hatred. Fear is the ruling passion of tyrants : he resolved to dissemble.

He sent for his son, talked to him with the greatest calmness and good temper, and ordered him to prepare to set out the next day for the frontiers of his territories, where he had left his army. The prince endeavoured to conceal the grief which tortured his soul, and set out, without having had time to receive the adieus of Lydia.

The very day Lausus departed, Mezentius had caused honourable conditions of peace to be proposed to the king of Præneste, the first of which was his marriage with the daughter of the vanquished monarch. He accepted the offer without the least hesitation ;

tion ; and the same ambassador that offered him peace, brought back his agreement for an answer.

Sterling. What an unhappy situation for Lausus and Lydia, now separated, and likely to be so for ever ! Let me hope some miracle will at last bring them again together !

Mis^sThoughtful. Lausus had at court a friend, who had been attached to him from his infancy. This young man, whose name was Phanor, had made his fortune by his remarkable resemblance to the young prince : however, they came nearer to each other in their disposition than figure ; for they had the same inclinations, and the same virtues : the two friends seemed to have but one soul. Lausus, at parting, had confided to Phanor his passion and despair. The latter was therefore inconsolable on hearing of the marriage of Lydia and Mezentius, and thought it his duty to acquaint the prince with it. The situation of Lausus at this news is not to be described ; his heart was troubled, and his reason forsook him : in the distraction of an unlimited sorrow, he wrote to Lydia the warmest and most impru-
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dent letter that love ever dictated, with the delivery of which his friend Phanor was charged. He carried it, tho' at the hazard of his life, and was unfortunately discovered; when Mezentius, in the utmost rage and fury, ordered him to be dragged to a loathsome prison, and there loaded with irons.

Prattle. From the little experience I have had, I am not capable of judging of these matters; but, from what I have learned of my elders, I am led to believe, that this is an instance of friendship seldom to be met with in these times: so far from hazarding life in the service of a friend, it is very rare to meet with one, who will sacrifice the smallest portion of his interest in the service of those, for whom he may have long professed the most solemn attachments.

Miss Thoughtful. Everything was now preparing for the celebration of this unhappy marriage, and the preparations for the feast were suitable to the character of Mezentius. Combats between men, and animals bred up to carnage, and every thing that barbarity could invent for its amusements, were to grace the pomp of this day: nothing was
wanting

wanting to complete this horrible spectacle; but persons to fight against the wild beasts; for it was customary at these fights to expose none but criminals to such sure destruction. Mezentius, who, on the least suspicion, was always in a hurry to put the innocent to death, retarded still less the punishment of the guilty. The faithful friend of Lausus was the only one now remaining in the prisons. "Let him be exposed, (said Mezentius) let him fall a prey to devouring lions: the traitor deserves a more cruel death; but this best suits his crime and my vengeance, and his punishment will be a feast worthy of injured love."

Foplin. I could wish, ladies, we were all of us to take a turn in the garden. It will be a little relief to Miss Thoughtful, and enable us the better to bear the recital of the tragical part, which, I am afraid, is to come. In the mean time, let the servant get me a bottle of Eau de luce, lest I should faint.

Sterling. However impatient I may be to hear the end of the story, I readily comply with the motion, as well to give Miss Thoughtful

ful some relief, as Master Foplin some courage.

Hogarth. If you please, ladies, I will stay behind and draw another picture. As I know Miss Thoughtful's story, I shall not be at a loss for a subject.

D I A L O G U E III.

Foplin. **Y**OU cannot imagine, ladies, how these tragical relations affect me : I am all of a tremble ; and, were it not for my smelling-bottle, I should never be able to support it. I never read a news paper, lest I should there meet with the account of a battle, which is sure to give me the flutters for a week after.

Master Thoughtful. You would then, Master Foplin, make a very bad foldier.

Foplin. No crow in the world hates powder more than I. But pray, Miss, proceed.

Miss Thoughtful. Lausus, receiving no answer from his friend, grew impatient. He was filled with the most frightful apprehensions for the safety of Phanor. He began now to be sensible of his imprudence, and saw the danger

he

he had exposed his friend to. Unable any longer to live in this dreadful state of uncertainty, he disguised himself carefully and left the camp. He arrived at Tyrrhene, and informed himself of the reports spread among the people. He is told, that his friend is in chains, and that the next day is to unite Lydia with Mezentius; that they are preparing the feast, which is to precede the marriage festival, and that, upon this joyful occasion, they are to see the unhappy Phanor a prey to wild beasts. He was struck with horror at this information, and a deadly chillness spread thro' all his veins: no sooner had he recovered a little, but still lost in distraction, he fell on his knees, and cried out, "Great Gods restrain my hand; my despair terrifies me: let me die to save my friend; but let me die with my virtue!"

Resolved to deliver his dear Phanor, tho' he should perish in his stead, he flew to the gates of the prison; but how to find entrance was the difficulty. He addressed himself to the slave, whose business it was to carry food to the prisoners. "Open your eyes, (said he) and know me: I am Lausus, I am the king's son. I expect from you an impor-

important service : Phanor is confined here : I must, I will see him : I have but one way to come at him : give me your clothes : fly ! withdraw yourself from the vengeance of my father ! If you betray me, you hasten to your ruin : if you assist me in my undertaking, my gratitude shall find you out in the remotest deserts !”

The weak and timorous slave yielded to his threats and promises. He assisted the prince in disguising himself, and disappeared, after having told him the hour at which he was to present himself, and the conduct he was to observe, in order to deceive the vigilance of the guards. Night approached, and the hour arrived, when Lausus was to attempt admittance. On his assuming the name of the slave, the bolts of the dungeon opened with a dismal sound.

By the feeble glimmering of a torch, he penetrated into this mansion of horror : he advanced, he listened, and the accents of a moaning voice struck his ear. He knew it to be the voice of his friend, whom he saw lying down in a corner of the cell, covered with rags, consumed with weakness, the paleness of death on his countenance, and

the fire of despair in his eyes. "Leave me, (said Phanor to him, taking him for the slave); away with these odious nourishments: suffer me to die! Alas, (added he, sending forth cries interrupted by sighs) alas, my dear Lausus is still more unhappy than I. O, ye Gods, if he knew the state to which he has reduced his friend!"

Yes, (cried Lausus, throwing himself on his bosom) yes, my dear Phanor, he does know it, and he partakes of it?" "What do I see? (cried Phanor, transported) Ah Lausus! Ah, my prince!" At these words both of them lost the use of their senses; their arms were locked in each other, their hearts met, and their sighs were intermingled. Grief stifled their voice, and they bathed each other with their tears. Lausus at last coming to himself, "Let us not lose time, (said he to his friend) take these clothes, get hence, and leave me here." "What, great Gods, can I be so vile! Ah, Lausus, could you believe it? Ought you to propose it to me!"

"I know you well, (said the prince) but you should also know me. The sentence is pronounced, your punishment is prepared,

prepared, and you must either die or fly." Phanor argued in vain to pervert his resolution; for he was as immoveable as a rock. "Let us not talk any longer, (cried Lausus) I will answer for my own safety, if you will fly: I swear to die, if you will stay and perish: choose, the moments are now precious."

"I consent, (said Phanor) to let you try the only means of safety that is left us; but live, if you would have me live: your scaffold shall be mine." "I readily believe it, (said Lausus) and your friend esteems you too much to desire you to survive him." At these words they embraced, and Phanor went out of the dungeon in the habit of the slave, which Lausus had just put off.

Sterling. I am impatient, and yet fearful of knowing the end of this story. I am divided between hope and fear, and my mind is tortured on the rack of uncertainty.

Foplin. This story gives me the vapours.

Hogarth. That I may ease your minds a little, and prepare you for what is to follow, I will now shew you the picture I drew, while you were walking in the garden. See

the poor Lausus given as a prey to a devouring lion.



Master *Thoughtful*. That is not fair, Miss Logarth; you ought not, in order to draw Master Foplin out of his state of uncertainty, to fill him at once with so tragical a scene. But pray, sister, proceed.

Miss *Thoughtful*. What a dreadful night for Lydia! Alas, how shall we paint the emotions that arise in her soul, that divide and tear between love and virtue! She adores Lausus, and detests Mezentius; she sacrifices herself to her father's interest, she delivers herself up to the object of her hatred, and tears herself for ever from the wishes of an

adored lover. It was in this cruel agitation that Lydia waited the day: the terrible day arrives. Lydia, dismayed and trembling, sees herself decked out, not as a bride whom they are going to present at the altar of Love and Hymen; but as one of those innocent victims, which a barbarous piety crowns with flowers before it sacrifices them.

She was led to the place where the spectacle was to be exhibited, and the people assembling, the sports began. At last, an enormous lion was brought forth. With a calm pride, at first, he traversed the arena, throwing his dreadful looks round the amphitheatre that environed him, and a confused murmur announces the terror he inspires. In a short time the sound of the clarions animate him, and he replies by his roarings; his shaggy mane is erected around his monstrous head, he lashes his loins with his tail, and the fire begins to issue from his sparkling eyes. The affrighted populace with and dread to see the wretch appear, who is to be delivered up to this monster.

Lausus, whom the guards of Mezentius took for Phanor, was brought forward, and

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even love could not so far open the eyes of Lydia as to know him again. As soon as she saw the unknown and unhappy victim, she turned her eyes from this dismal spectacle, which shocked the sensibility of her compassionate soul. What would it be, alas! if she knew that Phanor, the tender friend of Lausus, was the devoted criminal? If she knew that Lausus himself had taken his friend's place, and that he was to be the combatant?

Half naked, with his hair dishevelled, he walked with an intrepid step, having only a poinard for the attack, and a buckler for his defence. Mezentius, prepossessed, sees in him only the guilty Phanor, and beholds, with a barbarous joy, the fury of the lion animating by degrees. Lausus advanced towards him, and the lion sprung forward, but he avoided him. Thrice the enraged animal presented to him his foaming jaw, and Lausus each time escaped his murdering fangs.

In the mean time, Phanor was informed of what was going forward. He pressed thro' the multitude, and his piercing cries made the amphitheatre resound: "Stop,

Mezentius, save your son ; it is he, it is Lausus, who is engaged !” Mezentius looked, and beheld Phanor hastening towards him, and then cried out, “ O, ye Gods, what do I see ! My people, assist me : throw yourselves on the arena, and ravish my son from the jaws of death.”

At the name of Lausus, Lydia fell down, to all appearance, dead on the steps of the amphitheatre ; her heart was frozen, and her eyes were covered with darkness.

Foplin. This is too much for——.

Sterling. Do not interrupt, Master Foplin : pray, Miss Thoughtful, finish.

Miss Thoughtful. Mezentius regarded only his son, who now seemed exposed to inevitable destruction. A thousand hands arm in vain for his defence : the monster pursues him, and would have destroyed him, before any one could have given him assistance : but Providence interfered. Lausus, in eluding the bounds of the enraged animal, gave him a mortal blow ; and the sword, with which he was armed, was drawn reeking from the lion’s heart : he fell swimming in seas of gore, which he vomited from his foaming jaws.

Sterling.

Sterling. I am, at last, relieved from the most painful anxiety I ever felt and hope the conclusion will be fortunate and happy.

Miss Thoughtful. The universal alarm now changed into triumph, and the people replied to the doleful cries of Mezentius by shouts of admiration and joy. These shouts recalled Lydia to life, she opened her eyes, and saw Lausus at the feet of Mezentius, holding in one hand the bloody dagger, and in the other his dear and faithful friend Phanor. "It is I, (said he to his father) it is I alone who am culpable." Phanor's crime was mine, and it was for me to expiate it. I forced him to resign me his place, and I would have killed myself had he refused. Tho' I live, I owe to him that life; and, if your son be dear to you still, you also owe to him that life; but, if your vengeance is not appeased, our lives are in your hands: strike, and we will perish together: our hearts have sworn to it."

Lydia, trembling at this discourse, viewed Mezentius with eyes suppliant, and overflowing with tears. The tyrant's cruelty could not withstand this tryal, for the cries of Nature, and the voice of Remorse, put to
silence

silence Jealousy and Vengeance in his heart. He remained for a long time immoveable and dumb, rolling by turns, on the objects that surrounded him, looks of trouble and confusion, in which love, hatred, indignation and pity, combat and succeed each other. All tremble around the tyrant; Lausus, Phanor, Lydia, a multitude innumerable, wait with terror the first words he is to pronounce.

At last he submits, in spite of himself, to that virtue, whose ascendancy overpowered him; and, passing on a sudden from rage to tenderness, he threw himself into his son's arms: "Yes, (said he to him) I pardon thee and thy friend also: But there remains one sacrifice more for me to make thee, and thou hast just now rendered thyself worthy of it. Receive it then, (said he, with a new effort, taking Lydia by the hand) receive this hand, the gift of which is dearer to thee than life: it is thy valour, which has forced it from me: it is that alone could obtain it." Here my story ends.

Sterling, I am obliged to Miss Thoughtful for this moral story, and I doubt not, but every one present is so likewise. What think you,

you Miss Prattle, of this picture of real friendship.

Prattle. Every one must, undoubtedly, applaud the modesty and discretion of Lydia, the nobleness of soul in Lausus, and the consummate friendship of Phanor. This will, however, appear rather a picture than reality, when compared with the modern times.

Hogarth. I fear, indeed, Miss, such circumstances of sincerity are seldom to be met with now, and we must look for them only in the fabulous works of a happy invention, or go back to those ages, which the present generation despises for their uncultivated genius, and the barbarity of the people of those times.

Master *Thoughtful.* There is too much truth, Miss, in your observation. Mankind, says a little book I lately read, is undoubtedly improved in knowledge, politeness and civility; but, I fear, sincerity is rather dwindled. The growth of refinements in our dresses, tables and equipages, has introduced an uneasy desire to appear great and splendid. The bare necessities of life are no longer the principal point in view, but
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the acquisition of those things, which pall even in the enjoyment. The man (and I will add even the lady too) whose circumstances are confined, will, if foolishly ambitious, forfeit honour, sincerity and friendship, to arrive at the means of appearing great. But it is now time we should think of some refreshment.

DIALOGUE IV.

Miss Thoughtful. I Think I have now a right, ladies, to expect some matter of amusement from one of you. We will excuse Miss Hogarth in this particular, that we may not deprive ourselves of the beauties of her pencil.

Hogarth. I am extremely obliged to Miss Thoughtful, as well for her indulgence as her compliment. I have formerly heard Miss Sterling tell the story of the Shepherdes of the Alps. It is exceeding pretty and amusing, and will afford me subjects enough for designs.

Foplin. I love to hear talk of groves and fountains, purling streams, echoes, and the

the warbling choristers ; of bleating flocks and herds, and shepherds and shepherdesses tuning their rustic pipes ; but relations of battles, sieges, massacres and murders, congeal me into ice.

Sterling. The pleasures of conversation principally consist in ease, freedom, and familiarity ; and, that I may not disturb the company by appearing to stand in need of importunity, I will, without any further hesitation, read the story you ask for. Remember, if it should prove too long, it will be your fault and not mine.

Master *Thoughtful.* For my part, I never think a good story too long. If the imagination is kept awake, by different objects to amuse and exercise the ideas, the length of the tale then becomes a merit. But pray, Miss Sterling, begin.

Sterling. Not far from Modena, in the mountains of Savoy, is a solitary valley, which at first view inspires the bosom of the traveller with a pleasing melancholy. Three little hills, in form of an amphitheatre, on which are scattered, at a great distance from each other, some shepherds huts, torrents that fall from the mountains, clumps of
trees

trees planted here and there, and ever-verdant pastures, form the ornaments of this delightful place.

The marchioness of Fonrose was returning from France to Italy with her husband, when their carriage broke down, and they were forced to seek shelter, for that night, in a neighbouring cottage. As they drew near it, they heard an enchanting voice, whose plaintive and moving tone was repeated by the groaning echoes. They overtook the Shepherdess, when the following dialogue commenced between the marchioness, the marquis, and the shepherdess, whose name was Adelaide.

Adelaide. How the setting sun still glitters with a gentle light! It is thus, that, at the end of a painful race, the exhausted soul goes to grow young again in the pure source of immortality. But, alas, how distant is the period, and how slow is the course of life!

Marchioness. Child, do not avoid us: you have nothing to fear from us: we are travellers, whom an accident obliges to seek shelter in these huts till the day. Will you be so good as to be our guide.

Adelaide. These huts, Madam, are inhabited

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bited by poor wretches, and your lodging will be very indifferent.

Marchioness. You lodge there, without doubt, yourself, and I can easily endure, for one night, the inconveniences which you suffer perpetually.

Adelaide. Nature has formed me for it.

Marquis. No, surely, you are not formed to suffer, and fortune is very unjust. Is it possible, lovely damsel, that so many charms are buried in this desert, under these habits?

Adelaide. Fortune, Sir, is not cruel, but when she takes from us that which she has given us. My condition has pleasures enough for one, who knows no other, and custom creates wants for you, which shepherds do not know.

Marquis. That may be, with respect to those, whom heaven has placed from their birth in this obscure condition; but you, astonishing damsel, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were never born to what you now are: that air, that gait, that voice, that language, every thing betrays you. The few words, which you have just now spoken, proclaim a cultivated understanding, and a noble soul. Conclude,

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teach us what misfortune can have reduced you to this strange abasement !

Adelaide. For a man in misfortunes there are a thousand ways to extricate himself; for a woman, you know, there is no other honest resource than servitude, and in the choice of masters. They do well, in my opinion, who prefer the good. You are now going to see mine: you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour, the simplicity, and the probity of their manners.

.....

Sterling. It will be too tedious to relate to you every particular circumstance, which happened from their arrival at the hut till they retired to rest. Let it suffice, that they were received with every mark of hospitality, the very humble situation of these peasants would admit of; but they were unable to inform the marchioness and her husband of the birth of the shepherdess: all they knew was, that she offered herself to them as a peasant, to look after their flocks, and do the business of their house; and that the sweetness of her amiable disposition had rendered her to them as dear as a daughter.

Hogarth

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Hogarth. You will excuse me, Miss Sterling, but I interrupt you only, to give you the picture of the beautiful Adelaide, sitting under the shade of a tree, and looking after her flock.



Sterling. As soon as Aurora appeared, one of the men, who had been up all night mending their carriage, came to acquaint them it was thoroughly repaired. The Marchioness de Fonrose, before she set out, ordered the shepherdess to be called to her. "Without wanting to pry, (said she to her) into the secret of your birth, and the cause of your misfortunes, all that I see, all that I hear, interests me in your favour. I see

that your spirit has raised you above ill fortune, and that you have suited your sentiments to your present condition. Your charms and your virtue render it respectable; but yet it is unworthy of you. I have it in my power, amiable stranger, to procure you a happier lot. My husband's intentions agree entirely with mine. I have at Turin a considerable estate: I want a friend of my own sex, and shall think I bear away from this place an invaluable treasure, if you will accompany me. I do not mean to treat you as a servant; I do not think you are made for that condition; but tho' my prepossessions in your favour should deceive me, I had rather raise you above your birth, than leave you beneath it. Be under no concern for the fate of these good people: there is nothing which I would not do to make them amends for their loss; at least, they shall have wherewith to spend the remainder of their lives in ease and happiness, according to their condition, and it is from your hands they shall receive the benefits I intend them."

The old folks used every argument, intermixed with tears, to prevail on the unfortunate

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fortunate shepherdes to accept the generous offer; but to no purpose: she answered, with a modesty, which added fresh lustre to her beauty, "I cannot accept of your courtesies. Heaven has marked out my place, and its will is accomplished; but your goodness has made impressions on my soul, which shall never be effaced. The respectable name of Ponrose shall ever be present to my imagination. I have but one favour to beg of you, (said she, blushing, and looking down) that is, to be so good as to bury this adventure in eternal silence, and to leave the world for ever ignorant of the lot of an unknown wretch, who wishes to live and die in oblivion."

Miss Thoughtful. I fear, *Miss Sterling*, you will give Master Foplin the flutters as much as I did. He already seems very pen-sive and melancholy.

Foplin. I see, ladies, you are determined to teach me, before I quit the country, a new kind of entertainment; for this is a kind of conversation I am not used to in London.

Master Thoughtful. I apprehend the ladies in London are not much obliged to you, Sir,

for that compliment. I make no doubt, would you take the trouble to seek, you would find young ladies of sense every where. But pray, Miss Sterling, proceed.

Sterling. All the arguments the marquis and his lady could make use of, were in vain. Adelaide was immoveable, and they separated with tears in their eyes.

It may easily be imagined, that the marquis and his lady did not keep silence, and that this was an inexhaustible subject for reflections and conjectures. The young Fonrose, being present at these discourses, lost not one circumstance of them. Every thing which he heard of the charms, virtues and misfortunes of this beautiful but unfortunate shepherdess, kindled in his generous soul the most ardent desire of seeing her. He formed to himself an image of her, which was always present to his imagination; but the more his impatience encreased, the more care he took to conceal it. After various arguments with himself which employed his thoughts for three months, he took a resolution to quit every thing for her, to go, under the habit of a shepherd, to seek her in her solitude, and to die there, or draw
her

her out of it. Such is the prejudice and indiscretion of youth, which often hurry them on to the most fatal accidents.

He soon disappeared, and his parents could learn no tidings of him. They concluded, an assassination or a duel had put an end to his days, and they ended their researches by lamenting the death of their son, who was their only hope. While the family were thus mourning, Fonrose, under the habit of a shepherd, presented himself to the inhabitants of the hamlets adjoining to the valley, which they had but too well described to him. They entrusted him with the care of their flock, and his ambition was accomplished.

The first days after his arrival, he left them to wander at random, solely attentive to discover the places to which the shepherds led hers. "I must properly manage, (said he to himself) the timidity of this solitary fair one. If she is unfortunate, her heart has need of consolation; if it be nothing but a desire to banish herself from the world, and the pleasure of a tranquil and innocent life that retains her here, she will feel some dull moments, and wish for company."

pany to amuse or console her. If I succeed so far as to render that agreeable to her, she will soon find it necessary ; then I shall take counsel from the situation of her soul. After all, we are here alone, and we shall be every thing to each other. From confidence to friendship the passage is not long, and from friendship to love the road is still easier at our age." And what was Fonrose's age when he reasoned thus ? Fonrose was eighteen : but three months reflection on the same object unfolds a number of ideas.

Miss *Thoughtful*. It was observed by Master Foplin, out of pity to me, that a walk in the garden would be a necessary relief, in the course of so long a tale ; I think the same indulgence ought to be allowed Miss Sterling.

Hogarth. I am entirely of your opinion, Miss *Thoughtful* ; and, as I have already formed the subject for my next picture, I will not stay behind, but make one of the party.

D I A -

DIALOGUE V.

Prattle. I Have not been able, during the course of our walk, to chase from my mind the idea of the lovely shepherdess, I cannot yet guess what could induce her to this rigid course of life, as she appears to me, and I doubt not but the sequel will prove, some illustrious character.

Miss Thoughtful. My pain is now greater than my pleasure, as I fear some melancholy scene will close this relation ; for I am told, that virtue, truth and modesty, are not always triumphant.

Sterling. I shall not yet clear up the matter, and, believe me, you will be some time in suspense. To proceed ; while he was thus giving himself up to his imagination, with his eyes wandering over the country, he heard at a distance that voice, the charms of which had so often been extolled in his presence. “ It is here, (said the shepherdess in her plaintive strains) it is here that my heart enjoys the only happiness that remains to it : my grief has a luxury in it for my soul, and I prefer its bitterness to the false and deceitful sweets of joy.”

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These accents rent the sensible heart of Fonrose, who could not imagine what was the cause of her grief, and he wished to have the opportunity of consoling her. He feared to alarm the shepherdes, if he resigned himself imprudently to his impatience of seeing her near, and, for the first time, it was sufficient to have heard her.

The next day, he went out again to lead his sheep to pasture ; and, after observing the route which she had taken, he placed himself at the foot of a rock, which the day before repeated to him the sounds of that touching voice. Fonrose, to the handsomest figure, had joined those talents for which Italy is famous : he played on the hautboy in the most masterly manner. Adelaide, deeply buried in her own afflicting ideas, had not yet made her voice heard, and the impatient echoes kept silent. All on a sudden, this silence was interrupted by the plaintive notes of Fonrose's hautboy.

These unusual sounds excited in the soul of Adelaide a surprise mingled with anxiety. Immoveable and attentive, she sought with her eyes who it was that was master of such harmonious music. She perceived, at a distance,

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distance, a young shepherd seated in the cavity of a rock, at the foot of which his flock were feeding : she drew near, to hear him the better. “ See, (said she) what the mere instinct of Nature can do ! The ear teaches this shepherd all the refinements of the art. Can any one breathe purer or sweeter sounds ? ”

Fonrose, who saw her approach, and seat herself at the foot of a willow to hear him, pretended not to perceive her. The moment she retired, he turned his flock the way he was sure they would meet hers, and, as he passed, cast one look on her, and continued his route, as if taken up with nothing but the care of his flock. But how ravishing was the effects of that one look ! he saw plainly, that grief alone had withered in their spring the roses on her lovely cheeks : in the ease of her motions he thought he saw a young cedar, whose straight and flexible trunk yields gently to the Zephyrs. Sleep interrupted his reflexions, but effaced not her image.

Adelaide, on her side, sensibly struck with the youth and beauty of Fonrose, ceased not to admire the caprice of fortune.

The

The next day, Fonrose thought he perceived she avoided his approach, he fell into a profound melancholy, and his hautboy was neglected. Adelaide was not so far, but she could have easily heard it, and his silence astonished her. She herself began to sing. "It seems (said the song) that every thing around me partakes of my heaviness: the birds send forth none but sorrowful notes, Echo replies to me in complaints, the Zephyrs moan amidst these leaves, the sound of the brooks animate my sighs, one might say that they flowed with tears."

Fonrose, softened by these strains could not help replying to them. Never was concert more moving than that of his hautboy with Adelaide's voice. "O heaven, (said she) it is enchantment. I dare not believe my ears: it is not a shepherd, it is a God whom I have heard! Can the natural sense of harmony inspire such concord of sounds."

Astonished and confounded she knew not whether she ought to take herself away, or resign herself up to this enchantment. But she perceived the shepherd, whom she had just heard, reassembling his flock in order to regain his hut. "He knows not (said she)

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DIALOGUES. 45

the) the delight he diffuses around him, and his undisguised soul is not in the least the vainer for it. He waits not even for the praises I owe him. Such is the power of music.

Miss Thoughtful. How often have I heard my mama repeat, Alas, how sweet is the pleasure of a rural retirement, in which the vain pursuits of the restless and ambitious have no share! Let the miser thirst for wealth, and the tyrant for power and dominion, I shall envy neither.

Hogarth. I was so intent on listening to Miss Sterling, that I knew not how to interrupt her; stop only to view the happiest of all human scenes.



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Sterling.

Sterling. The next day, Fonrose affected to keep at a distance in his turn, and Adelaide was afflicted at it. "Chance (said she) seemed to have procured me this feeble consolation; I gave myself up to it too easily, and to punish me, I am deprived of it."

They at last happened one day to meet on the declivity of a hill: "Shepherd, (said she to him) are you leading your flock far off?" These first words of Adelaide caused a tumult in the breast of Fonrose, which almost deprived him of the use of his voice. "I do not know, (said he, hesitating) it is not I who lead my flock, but my flock that leads me!"

"Whence are you?" said the shepherds to him. "I was born beyond the Alps," replied Fonrose. "Were you born among shepherds?" continued she. "As I am a shepherd, (said he, looking down) I must have been born to be one." "No doubt it, (replied Adelaide, viewing him with attention) your talents, your language, your very air, all tell me that fate had placed you in a better situation." "You are very obliging, (said Fonrose) but ought you

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you, of all persons, to believe that Nature refuses every thing to shepherds? Were you born to be a queen?

Adelaide blushed at this answer, and changing the subject, "The other day, (said she) by the sound of a hautboy, you accompanied my songs with an art that would be a prodigy in a simple shepherd."

"It is your voice that is so, (replied Fonrose) in a simple shepherdes."

"But has nobody instructed you?" said Adelaide.

"I have, like you, (answered the youth) no other guides than my heart and my ear. You sung, I was melted: what my heart felt, my hautboy expressed; I breathed my soul into it."

"This is incredible" said Adelaide.

"I said the very same on hearing you, (replied Fonrose) but I was forced to believe it. Nature and Love take a delight sometimes in reuniting all that they have most precious in the most humble fortune, to shew that there is no condition which they cannot ennoble."

While they were thus discoursing, they advanced towards the valley, and Fonrose,

whom a ray of hope now animated, began to make the air resound with those sprightly notes, which pleasure inspires. "Ah, (said Adelaide) spare my soul the troublesome image of a sentiment, which she cannot relish. This solitude is consecrated to grief: her echoes are not used to repeat the accents of a profane joy: here every thing groans in concert with me."

"I have also cause to complain," replied the young man, and these words, pronounced with a sigh, were followed with a long silence. "You have cause to complain, (replied Adelaide) Is it of mankind, or of fortune? "I know not, (said he) but I am not happy; ask me no more." "Hear, (said Adelaide): heaven gives us to each other as a consolation in our troubles: whoever you may be, if you know misfortune, you ought to be compassionate, and I believe you worthy of my confidence, but promise me that it shall be mutual."

"Alas, (said Fonrose) my misfortunes are such, that I shall be perhaps condemned never to reveal them." This mystery but redoubled the curiosity of Adelaide, "Repair to-morrow, (said she to him) to
the

the foot of that hill, beneath that old tufted oak, where you have heard me moan ; there I will teach you things that will excite your pity."

Fonrose passed the night in the utmost emotion ; for his fate depended on what he was going to hear, and a thousand alarming ideas agitated him in turns. He dreaded, above all, the being driven to despair by the communication of an unsuccessful and faithful love.

Master *Thoughtful*. This story puts me in mind of what I once heard an old gentleman say : How unhappy are mortals ! In our infancy we cry for rattles and for gewgaws ; when we arrive to maturity, love tortures, with cruel tyranny, the wounded heart ; old age brings with it sickness and infirmities, when we begin to wish for the peaceful grave.

Miss *Thoughtful*. As supper is now ready if Miss Sterling pleases, we will retire to take the necessary refreshments, and will begin again at breakfast to-morrow morning.

Sterling. I will then finish my tale ; but at present, I must leave you in suspense, with respect to the catastrophe.

T E A - T A B L E
D I A L O G U E VI.

Prattle. **L**IKE Adelaide and Fonrose we are now met at the appointed time and place I long to hear the final decision of the fate of these two lovers.

Miss Thoughtful. I see Miss Hogarth is preparing her paper and pencil. Pray, Miss Sterling, proceed.

Sterling. The hour at last arrived, when he repaired to the appointed place, and saw Adelaide approaching it. The day was overcast with clouds and Nature mourning seemed to forbode the sadness of their conversation. As soon as they were seated at the foot of the oak, Adelaide thus spoke.

“ You see those stones, which the grass begins to cover: they are the tomb of the most tender, the most virtuous of men, whom my love and imprudence have cost his life. I am a French woman, of a family of distinction, and, to my misfortune, too rich. The count d’Arestan conceived the tenderest passion for me; I was sensible of it, sensible to excess. My parents opposed the inclinations

clinations of our hearts, and my frantic passion made me consent to a marriage, sacred to virtuous souls, tho' disagreeable to my Friends. Italy was at that time the theatre of war. My husband went there to join the corps, which he was to command. I followed him as far as Briançon. My foolish tenderness detained him there two days, in spite of himself. The young man full of honour, prolonged his stay with the greatest reluctance. He sacrificed his duty to me; but what would not I have sacrificed to him? In a word, I required it of him, and he could not withstand my tears. He took leave with a presage, at which I myself was alarmed. I accompanied him as far as this valley, where I received his adieus; and, in order to wait to hear from him, I returned to Briançon. A few days after, a report was spread of a battle. I doubted whether Arestan had got thither. I wished it for his honour, but I dreaded it for my love, when I received from himself a letter, which I thought very consoling. "I shall be such a day, at such an hour, (said he to me) in the valley, and under the oak, where we parted: I shall repair there alone: I conjure

jure you to go there, and expect me likewise alone ; I live but for you !

“ How great was my mistake ! I perceived in this letter nothing more than an impatience to see me again, and I congratulated myself on this impatience. I repaired then to this very oak. D’Arestan arrived and, after the tenderest reception, “ You would have it so, my dear Adelaide, (said he) I have failed in my duty at the most important moment of my life. What I feared, is come to pass : a battle has happened ; my regiment charged, it performed prodigies of valour, and I was not there. I am dishonoured, lost without resource. I reproach not you with my misfortune, but I have now but one sacrifice more to make you, and my heart is come to accomplish it.

“ At this discourse, pale, trembling, and scarce breathing, I caught my husband in my arms. I felt every vein freezing, my knees bent under me, and I fell down senseless. He availed himself of my fainting to tear himself from my bosom, and in a little time I was recalled to life by the report of a shot which killed him.”

Hogarth. Alas, this is one of the many disagreeable

agreeable instances we frequently meet with in books of the fatal consequences that attend passionate and hasty marriages. Surely, this is a just subject for my pencil! Behold, ladies, the unfortunate husband shooting himself, and the beautiful, virtuous, but unhappy wife in a swoon at his feet. But, I ask pardon for this interruption: pray Miss, proceed.



Sterling. "I will not (continued Adelaide indeed I cannot, describe to you the situation I was in: it is inexpressible. The tears which you now see flowing, the sighs which stifle my voice, are but a faint image of my sufferings.

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“ In the mean time, cruel hunger began to devour me. I thought it criminal to refuse Nature the supports of a life more grievous than death. I changed my garments for the plain habit of a shepherdess, and I embraced that condition as my only refuge. From that time my consolation has been to come here, where I buried him, and weep over this grave, which shall be my own.

“ You see, (said she) with what sincerity I open my soul to you. With you I may henceforth weep at liberty: it is a consolation I had need of; but I expect the same confidence from you. Do not think that you have deceived me: I see clearly, that the state of a shepherd is as foreign, and more new to you than to me. You are young, perhaps sensible; and, if I may believe my conjectures, our misfortunes have the same source, and you have loved as well as I. We shall only feel the more on that account for each other. I consider you as a friend, whom heaven, touched by my misfortunes, deigns to send me in my solitude. Do you also consider me as a friend, capable of giving you, if not salutary counsels, at least consolatory examples.”

“ You

“ You pierce my very soul, (said Fonrose overcome with what he had just heard) and, whatever sensibility you may attribute to me, you are very far from conceiving the impression that the recital of your misfortunes has made on me. Alas, such is the nature of my sorrow, that an eternal silence must shut them up in the bottom of my heart. Be not offended at my silence: it is terrible to be condemned to it. As the constant companion of all your steps, I will soften your labours, and will partake of your griefs; I will see you weep over this grave, and will mingle my tears with yours. You shall not repent having deposited your woes in a heart, alas, but too sensible!”

“ I repent me of it from this moment,” said she with confusion; and both, with downcast eyes, retired in silence from each other. Adelaide, in quitting Fonrose, thought she saw in his countenance a profound grief.

“ What must be his situation, (said she to herself) when he thinks himself still more wretched than I?”

Foplin. I have read somewhere of the passions of modern lovers, but I apprehend this only can be genuine.

Sterling.

Sterling. Months rolled after months in this painful situation, and Adelaide saw Fonrose's youth wither as a flower. Hitherto they had conversed chiefly in sighs and tears; but the languor, into which the youth was fallen, became such, that she thought it her duty not to leave him any longer delivered up to himself; for she had not the least idea of the cause.

“ You are dying, (said she to him) and you add to my grief that of seeing you consumed with sorrow under my eyes, without being able to apply any remedy. If the relation of the imprudences of my youth has not inspired you with a contempt for me, if the purest and tenderest friendship be dear to you, if you would not render me more unhappy than I was before I knew you, confide to me the cause of your griefs; your secret, though it were more important than mine, fear not that I shall divulge it. The death of my husband has placed a gulf between the world and me; and the confidence which I require will soon be buried in this grave, to which grief is with slow steps conducting me.”

“ I hope to go before you, (said Fonrose,

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rose, bursting into tears). Suffer me to finish my deplorable life, without leaving you afterwards the reproach of shortening its course." " Oh heaven, what do I hear (cried Adelaide with distraction) what I, can I have contributed to the evils which overwhelm you? Have I been sent into the world only to create wretches? Speak, I say; you must no longer conceal from me who you are; you have said too much to dissemble any longer."

" Well then, I am——I am Fonrose the son of those travellers, whom you filled with admiration and respect. All that they related of your virtues and your charms inspired me with the fatal design of coming to see you in this disguise. I have left my family in the deepest sorrow, thinking they have lost me, and lamenting my death. I have seen you, I know what attaches you to these places; I know that the only hope left me is to die here adoring you. Give me no useless counsels and unjust reproaches. My resolution is as firm, as immoveable as your own. If, in betraying my secret, you disturb the last moment of a life almost at an end, you will to no purpose injure me, who, of

all persons in the world would never wish to offend you."

I fear, ladies, I grow tedious; but I will hasten to a conclusion with all the speed the nature of my tale will admit.

Miss Thoughtful. Instruction, when blended with amusement, can never become tedious; we shall listen with pleasure and attention.

Sterling. The generous soul of Adelaide now thought herself bound by gratitude to acquaint his parents of the unhappy situation of their son. "Let me (said she) restore their only hope: heaven presents me with this opportunity of acknowledging their favours." She used every tender art to console the unfortunate youth.

The old cottager, to whom Adelaide had disclosed this secret, by her advice, immediately set out on his journey, and arrived safe at the marquis's house. "Ah (cried madam de Fonrose, on seeing him) some misfortune, perhaps, has happened to our shepherdess." "Let him come in, (said the marquis) it may be, he will tell us, she consents to live with us. After the loss of our son, it is the only comfort we can taste in
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this world." The old man threw himself at their feet; they raised him: "You are lamenting the death of your son, (said he to them) I come to tell you that he lives: it is our dear child that has discovered him in the valley: she sends me to inform you of it; but you yourselves only, she says, can bring him back."

As he spoke this, joy and surprise deprived the marchioness of the use of her senses. The marquis, distracted and amazed, called out for help for his lady. Being brought to herself, she embraced the old man, and published to the whole house that their son was restored. "What shall we do, (said the marquis, taking him by the hands, and pressing them with tenderness) what shall we do in gratitude for this benefit, which restores life to us?"

Miss *Thoughtful*. I doubt not but the meeting must be a very affecting scene; and that you may not be induced to shorten your tale, under a notion of being tedious, I would propose a turn in the garden, where we may amuse ourselves with listening to the love songs of the artless choristers.

Hogarth. And I, in the mean time, will find employment for my pencil.

DIALOGUE VII.

Foplin. **I**F I stay here long, I shall lose all taste for the tumultuous joys of the town, of which I have heard some people speak so largely, though my age has not yet permitted me to experience them. I now believe those are right, who assert, that there is something in this calm of nature, which lulls the wandering soul to rest.

Master Thoughtful. But pray, Miss Hogarth, what have you been doing in our absence?

Hogarth. Why, Sir, I have been setting the old gentlefolks on their expedition. See how fast the horses gallop. I wish them a good journey; but the coachman is so unmerciful to his cattle, that I fear he will either overturn the coach, or fire the wheels.

Sterling.



Sterling, They immediately set out with the old man, travelled all night, and repaired to the valley, where, to their infinite surprise, they found their son, in the dress of a shepherd, seated by the side of the lovely Adelaide. Their hearts, sooner than their eyes, knew him. "Ah, cruel child, (cried his mother, throwing herself into his arms) what sorrow have you occasioned us? Why did you withdraw yourself from our tenderness, and what is it you come here for?" "To adore, (said he) what even you admired."

"Pardon me, madam, (said Adelaide, while Fonrose embraced his father's knees, who

who raised him with kindness) pardon me for having left you so long in grief: If I had known it sooner, you should have been sooner consoled." After the first emotions of nature, Fonrose elapsed into the deepest affliction. "Let us go, (said the marquis) let us go and rest ourselves in the hut, and forget all the pain this young madman has occasioned us." "Yes, Sir, I have been mad, (said Fonrose to his father, who led him by the hand :) nothing but the loss of my reason could have suspended in my heart, the emotions of nature, so as to make me forget the most sacred duties, in short, to detach myself from every thing that I held dearest in the world ; but this madness you gave birth to, and I am too severely punished for it. I love, without hope, the most accomplished person in the world : you see nothing, you know nothing, of this accomplished woman : she is honesty, sensibility, virtue itself. I love her even to idolatry : I cannot be happy without her, and I know that she cannot be mine,"

"Has she confided to you (said the marquis) the secret of her birth?" "I have learned enough of it, (said Fonrose) to assure

sure you, that it is in no respect inferior to my own: she has even renounced a considerable fortune to bury herself in this desert.”—

“And do you know what has induced her to it?”—“Yes, Sir, but it is a secret, which she alone can reveal to you.”—“She is married, perhaps.”—“She is a widow; but her heart is not the more disengaged; her ties are but too strong.”

“Daughter, (said the marquis, on entering the hut) you see that you turn the heads of the whole family of Fonrose. The extravagant passion of this young man cannot be justified but by such a prodigy as you are. All my wife’s wishes are confined to have you for a companion and a friend: this child here will not live unless he obtains you for his wife: I desire no less to have you for my daughter. See how many persons you will make wretched by a refusal.”

“Ah, Sir, (said she) your goodness confounds me; but hear and judge for me.”

Adelaide then, in the presence of the old man and his wife, related her deplorable adventures. She added the name of her family, which was not unknown to the marquis, and ended, by calling on himself to witness

witness the inviolable fidelity she owed to the memory of her unfortunate husband.

At these words, consternation spread itself on every countenance. Young Fonrose, choaked with sobs threw himself into a corner of the hut, in order to give vent to his grief. His father, moved at the sight, flew to the assistance of his son: "See, (said he) my dear Adelaide, to what a condition you have reduced him." Madam de Fonrose, who was near Adelaide, pressed her in her arms, bathing her at the same time with her tears: "Alas, why, my daughter, (said she) will you a second time make us mourn the death of our dear son?" "Heaven is my witness, (said Adelaide, rising) that I would lay down my life in gratitude for such goodness. It would heighten my misfortunes to have occasion to reproach myself with yours; but I am willing that Fonrose himself should be my judge: suffer me, if you please, to speak to him for a moment."

Fonrose and Adelaide were then left alone: "Hear (said she to him) Fonrose, you know what sacred ties retain me in this place. If I could cease to love and lament a husband,

band, who loved me but too well, I should be the most despicable of women. Esteem, friendship, gratitude are the sentiments I owe you; but none of these take place of love. It is the impossibility of fulfilling that duty, that hinders my imposing it on myself. In the mean time, I see you in the situation that would move the most senseless heart. It is shocking to me to be the cause; it would be still more shocking to me, to hear your parents accuse me with having been your destruction. I will then forget myself for the present, and leave you, as far as in me lies, to be the arbiter of our destiny. It is for you to chuse that of the two situations which appears to you least painful; either to renounce me, to subdue yourself, and forget me; or to possess a woman, whose heart, being full of another object, can only grant you sentiments too feeble to satisfy the wishes of a lover."

"That is enough, (cried Fonrose) and, in a soul, like yours, friendship should take place of love. I shall be jealous, without doubt, of the tears, which you shall bestow to the memory of another husband; but the
cause

cause of that jealousy, in rendering you more respectable, will render you also more dear in my opinion."

He returned to his parents, and informed them of Adelaide's consent, whose joy on the occasion is not to be expressed by words. However before he set out, she would revisit the tomb, which she quitted with regret. "O my dear d'Areltan! (said she) if, from the mansions of the dead, you can read the bottom of my soul, thy shade has no cause to murmur at the sacrifice I have made: I owe it to the generous sentiments of this virtuous family; but my heart remains thine for ever. I go, to endeavour to make them happy, without hoping to be so myself."

They were obliged to use some kind of violence to force her from the place; but she insisted, that they should there erect a monument to the memory of her husband, and that the hut of her old master and mistress, who followed her to Turin, should be converted into a country house, as plain as it was solitary, where she proposed to come sometimes to mourn the errors and misfortunes of her youth. Time, the assiduities

of Fonrose, and the fruits of her second marriage, afterwards opened her soul to the impressions of a new affection; and she is mentioned as an example of a woman, remarkable and respectable, even in her infidelity, if I may use that harsh word. I have, at last, finished this long tale, and should be glad to hear your sentiments on the subject.

Miss Thought. Tho' the tale ends fortunately at last, yet, I cannot help thinking, there is one circumstance in it deserves the attention of parents. I know you will smile, perhaps with propriety, at my endeavouring to make observations on those, who have had more experience, by the superior number of years they have lived: you may smile, if you please, I will nevertheless, give my opinion. Parents should take care how they talk before their children. Had they not extolled the unparalleled beauty, natural accomplishments, and the nobleness of the soul of Adelaide, they would not, at that time, have had the pain of bemoaning the death of their son.

Hogarth. I have heard my mama say, that the sufferings of one should serve as a lesson
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to many, Every age in life has its peculiar passions; in youth we sigh after those things, which, when possessed, often make us miserable: in old age, we greedily grasp at that, which, when caught we cannot enjoy.

Foplin. I cannot, ladies, look upon the character of Adelaide in that exalted light in which she seems to appear to you. It seems to me, that her own rashness and folly were the destruction of a great and generous soul, who could not endure life after he had lost his honour: he quitted his existence without regret, without reproaching the cause of it. She, who was the cause of it, lived, according to her own words, only because life was more odious to her than death; and yet, we find, she is at last happy.

Miss Thoughtful, Hogarth, &c. Fie, Master Foplin, how can you say——

Master Thoughtful. Stop, ladies, do not all speak together, Master Foplin and you are, as it appears to me, all in the right. You must make allowances for the frailties of human nature; which will excuse, in my opinion, the weakness of Adelaide, of which she herself seems to have been sensible. Women, pardon me ladies, are allowed to be
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D I A L O G U E S. 69

the weaker vessels, and therefore greater allowances must be made them. Adelaide had great temptation for what she did; she was urged to do it by the ties of humanity, generosity and gratitude; and I fear there are few ladies; at this time of day, that would not yield to the same persuasive arguments; nay, I doubt whether there are any, who would carry their resolution so far as she did.

Miss Thoughtful. It must, indeed, be confessed, that it is much easier to say what we could do in particular circumstances; than to keep our word when put to the trial. We will, therefore, if you please, let the argument rest where it is.

D I A L O G U E VII.

oplin. **I** Think, after the ladies have taken so much pains to amuse us, one of us gentlemen should take the labour off their hands; for my own part, I must beg to be excused; but should be glad if it were something more lively, and which may not so deeply affect the passions. Come, Thoughtful,

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ful, your sister has obliged us, why should not you?

Sterling. I really think the gentlemen should not be too hard upon us, but take the labouring oar in turn.

Master Thoughtful. I am always ready to consent to the request of the ladies; and to convince Master Foplin, that I am equally willing to oblige him, I will read the history of a modern extravagant.

Timantes, a gentleman who had raised a considerable fortune by his industry, had a son, whom I shall call Valerius. This youth had received from nature an agreeable figure, an easy temper, and a good heart; but, thanks to the care of the kind lady his mother, this happy disposition was soon spoiled, and the most agreeable child, at five years old, became a little coxcomb at fifteen. They gave him all the frivolous accomplishments, but no useful ones; and they had laid it down to him as a maxim, that he was never to keep company with his equals, but always with those of a superior birth.

Hogarth. Before Thoughtful proceeds any further, I will venture to give a picture of this

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his young hero, just as this description strikes my imagination. See, ladies, how this pretty little Miss in breeches is viewing his incomparable figure in the glass, and combing his dislocated locks!



Foplin. It is extremely pretty—Which of you ladies will be so kind as to indulge me with a pinch of snuff?

Master Thoughtful. Whenever the son's extravagancies reached the father's ears, the mother was always at hand to justify him, and complaisant falsehoods were never wanting on the occasion. Valerius kept a splendid carriage, servants in rich liveries, and seldom came home before the morning. The

excuses formed by the mother for this conduct did not appear reasonable to the father; but, for the sake of peace, he was obliged to be contented with them.

Lucy, their daughter, who had a long time been at a boarding-school, had contracted an intimate acquaintance there with a young lady, whose name was Angelica. This lady, had lost her mother, and, being too young to keep house, she had prevailed on her father to dispense with her till the moment that he should dispose of her hand.

The same sweetness of disposition soon united Angelica and Lucy. When the charming Angelica spoke of her mother, she would continually mingle, with the most tender regret, the most touching eulogies; but her understanding and her soul praised still more worthily the person who had formed them.

Lucy, charmed with the disposition of Angelica, wished to unite herself with her in family connections. "My dear friend, (said she to her one day) the reflection of parting, which we soon must, creates all the unhappiness of my life. But I have one, if you did but approve of it—I want

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want to shew you my brother: he is beautiful as the day, a very picture, and well accomplished." "He is very young, (said Angelica) and very much in the world for his age. I am afraid your mother has been too fond of him!"

Valerius being come to see Lucy, she prevailed on her friend to accompany her to the parlour. "Ah, my sister, what charms! (cried the young coxcomb:) Never was so much beauty! What features! What a figure! What eyes! You at a boarding-school, madam; it is robbery, it is treason! She has the looks of the dutchess of ———, whom I handed yesterday out of the opera. They cry up the figure of the countess of ———, with whom I am to sup this evening, but there is no comparison between her person and this lady's; and tho' I am the intimate friend of the lady——, who passes for the beauty of the day, I will lay a thousand to one, that your friend will eclipse her on appearing in the world!"

While Valerius was thus speaking, Angelica viewed him with eyes of pity. "Sir, (said she to him) you can have no doubt but your praises are insults: for
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know, that the first sentiment a virtuous woman ought to inspire, is the fear of wounding her modesty, and that it is not permitted to praise without reserve any but persons without shame."

"There are transports of surprise, which we cannot master," replied Valerius, a little confounded. "I see, (said Angelica) I afflict my friend Lucy, by appearing offended with your address to me: I will console her, and put you at ease. Beautiful or not, I am so little vain of endowments, with which we are often very contemptible, that I give you leave to say before me whatever you please: I will not have the vanity to blush at your praises." "Since you take the homage, (replied Valerius) which is paid to beauty, so ill, we must adore it in silence." From that moment he spoke no longer but of himself, his horses, his friends, his suppers, and his intrigues. Lucy, who had her eyes on Angelica, saw with grief all this hurt Valerius; and, when he was gone, endeavoured to excuse him.

Valerius did not hesitate to believe he had made a complete conquest. "My sister is right, (said he) her friend is hand-

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some, and a little singular; but her disposition is only a little more lively for it. The only thing wanting in her is birth: my mother will have me marry some woman of quality. Let us visit her, however; the girl resembles nothing that we have in the great world, and she has at least sufficient charms to amuse."

He frequently visited; but, to relate the conversation that passed between Angelica, Lucy, and her brother, would engross too much of your time: I shall, therefore, only notice to you, that, whether thro' vanity or passion, the charms of Angelica stole upon him; but this growing passion, if it was one, had no influence on his manners. Intoxicated with the incense of his flatterers, agreeably deceived by a young enchantress, he forgot that they sold him the pains which they took to please him, and his vanity, caressed by pleasure, smiled carelessly upon them.

Sometimes, the image of Angelica came to present itself to him as a dream. "She is charming, (said he) but what shall I do with her? Nothing is more inconvenient than a delicate and faithful wife to a husband

band who is not so himself. My father would expect that I should live only for my wife. There would be love, jealousy, reproaches, tears; all this frightens me: however, I will see her again."

At the next visit, he ran on, in his usual manner, in praise of vice and libertinism, in vain were all the arguments of his sister, but he was very much humbled and confused, when he heard Angelica speak with the eloquence of virtue, and reason on the shame and danger of vice.

The discourse of Angelica had thrown Valerius into serious reflections; but his friends came to draw him out of them. He was expected at a delicious supper, at which Fatima, Doris, and Cloe, were to be present. Their joy there was lively and brilliant, and, if the heart of Valerius did not give itself up to it, at least his senses did.

He would have fain seen Angelica no more; but he was not well with himself, when he had passed a few days without seeing her. Such nevertheless is the attraction of libertinism, that, on quitting that adorable young lady, penetrated, ravished, enchanted with her wisdom and her charms,

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he plunged himself again into the dissipations, of which she had made him ashamed.

Miss Thoughtful. I cannot but admire how silent and attentive we have been to my brother's tale: I cannot help thinking, it would be no ways disagreeable to defer the remainder to our next meeting. As Nature looks gay and chearful abroad, a little exercise will not be improper.

Sterling. I have some reason to hope, that Angelica will at last convert her coxcomb to reason and prudence.

Foplin. Coxcomb is too severe a word: he is undoubtedly a man of spirit, tho' a little imprudent. Reformed rakes, they say, make the best of husbands.

DIALOGUE IX.

Good-will. **T**HE beautiful season of the year, the enchanting situation of this place, and the pleasures of such agreeable and instructive conversation, all conspire to render my trip into the country, the most pleasing incident of my early days. I fear, when I leave it, I shall have too much

much reason to consider the loss of it with regret.

Miss *Thoughtful*. Come, brother, finish your tale.

Master *Thoughtful*. Valerius on the death of his mother, thought he saw the source of all his foolish expences dried up ; but it did not even come into his head to renounce those things, which had engaged him in them, and the only care, with which he was employed, was to find some means how to support his extravagance ; but in this he experienced no great difficulty, as there are always, people enough in London ready to lend money on future certainties.

It was then that Timantes, on his decline, wanted to repose himself from his long fatigues, and to engage his son to take his place ; but this was no way suitable to the inclinations of Valerius, whom nothing would serve but an office, which conferred nobility, and required no duty.

The affliction of Timantes was greatly increased on being told, that his son, intoxicated with pride, and plunged in libertinism, gave into all kinds of irregularities ; that he had mistresses and flatterers ; that he

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gave shows and entertainments, and that he played at a rate sufficient to ruin him. He saw it was his own fault, and determined to repair it ; but how, was the difficulty. After revolving many schemes in his mind, he at last hit upon one, which he resolved to put into immediate execution.

Timantes began, from that time, by settling his wealth in such a manner, as that it should be detached, independent and free. Excepting his vast estate in the country, and his town-house, his fortune was all in his Porte-Folio, and he took care to settle all his matters with his correspondents. Things being thus disposed, he returned home one day in consternation. His son and his friends, who waited his coming to seat themselves at table, were struck with his dejection. One of them could not refrain from asking him the cause: " You shall know it, (said he :) let us make a little haste, if you please, to dine : I am taken up with serious affairs."

They dined in profound silence, and Timantes, at their getting up from table, having taken leave of his guests, shut himself up with his son. " Valerius, (said he

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to him) I have bad news to tell you ; but you must support it with courage. My child, I am ruined. Two thirds of my fortune are just taken on board two vessels, and the dishonesty of a person, whom I trusted, has deprived me of half the rest. The desire of leaving you a large fortune has ruined me. Happily, I owe little ; and, out of the remains of my fortune, I shall save my estate in the country which is worth a thousand a year, and on that we shall be able to live. It is a terrible blow ; but you are young, and you may rise under it. I have not rendered myself unworthy the confidence of my correspondents : my name will perhaps retain still more credit in Europe ; but I am too old to begin a new, and you must repair the misfortunes of your father, I set out with greater difficulties than you will, and by probity, labour, and my instructions, it will be easy for you to go further in thriving than I have done."

The situation of a traveller, at whose feet the thunder has just fallen, is not to be compared to that of Valerius. The news was soon made public, the house in London lett, the equipages sold, a plain coach, a
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decent lodging, a frugal table, and a family of servants suitable to the necessities of a prudent way of living: every thing proclaimed this reverse of fortune, and it is unnecessary to say, that the friends of Timantes diminished considerably.

The acquaintances of Valerius were touched with his accident. "What is the matter then! (said one of them to him) they tell me your father is ruined!"—"It is too true."—"What a folly! You have then your little country box no longer?" "Alas, no?"—"I am very sorry for it: I intended to have gone there to supper to-morrow." Another accosted him and said, "Tell me a little how this is: your fortune is entirely ruined?"—"It is at least reduced to a very small matter."—"You have a very silly father of your own! Why did he meddle? You would have ruined yourself well enough without him." "I am quite distracted, (said a third to him) they tell me that you have sold your fine horses?" "Alas, yes."—"If I had known it, I would have bought them of you. What a fellow you are! You never think of your friends."—"I was taken up with more

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serious affairs.”—“ With your little mistress, was it not? You will have her no longer now: it is all over with you: but, have a good heart!” Some of them said to him, as they went along, “ Adieu, Valerius!” and all the rest shunned him.

It was then, his soul pierced by the cold flights of his friends, that, for the first time, he saw the veil fall which he had over his eyes. “ Where have I been? (said he) What have I done? How was I going to spend my life? Ah, what reproaches have I not merited, what wrongs have I not to repair? Let me go and see my sister?” added he; for he had not courage to say, “ Let me go and see Angelica!”

I shall not take up your time, with the discourse that passed between Angelica and Valerius; you may be assured, from the reformed disposition of the latter, and the natural generosity of Angelica, it was moving and tender. He retired from her presence, not such as heretofore, vain, and full of himself, but humbled, and confounded at having so little known the value

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of a heart, the most noble that heaven had formed.

He entered into his father's closet. "Your fortune is changed, (said he to him) but your son is still more so; and I hope that you will one day bless heaven for the reverse, which restores me to my duty, and to myself. Condescend to instruct and direct me: diligent, laborious, and active, I am going to be the support and consolation of your old age."

Valerius, who now resumed the name of Timantes, had but few difficulties to encounter in his setting off: his dexterity, which at first was purely his father's, but which soon after became actually his own, made his credit visibly encrease. The moments of relaxation, which his father obliged him to take, he passed with Angelica and felt a sensible pleasure in telling her his progress. Angelica, who with justice attributed to herself, in part, the wonderful change in her lover, enjoyed her work with the double satisfaction of love and friendship. Lucy was in adoration before her, and ceased not to give her thanks for the happiness she had procured them.

Hogarth. My pencil was last employed

in representing Valerius, now Timantes, in a manner by no means to his credit: it shall now represent you with a picture, which shall give him to you in a more favourable light. Behold him, standing on the beach, and looking earnestly on the arriving fleet. What an agreeable contrast is this to my last!



Miss *Thoughtful*. How pleasing it is to behold the change from vice to virtue, from pride, foppery and indolence, to humility, decency, and industry!

Master *Thoughtful*. One day, when Lucy's father went to see her, he could not help testifying his satisfaction to her at the consolations which his son gave him. “Do

you

you know, Sir, (said Lucy to him) to whom we are indebted for this reformation? To the most beautiful and most virtuous person breathing, to the only daughter of Alcimon, my companion and my friend."

She then related to him all that had passed which gave the old gentleman a satisfaction visible on his countenance,

Timantes felt an inexpressible satisfaction at seeing daily the success of the trial, which he had put his son to. He had the resolution to let him apply himself for five whole years, without relaxation, to the re-establishing of his fortune, detached from the world, and dividing his life between his counting-house and Angelica's parlour. At length, seeing his reformation become habit, and all the old seeds of vice extirpated, he went to Alcimon.

"My old friend, (said he to him) you have, they tell me, a charming daughter; I come to propose for her an agreeable partner, in point of condition, and advantageous in point of fortune." "I am obliged to you, (said Alcimon;) but I tell you beforehand, that I would have a person of the same condition with myself, and who would

take a pride in calling me his father : I have not laboured all my life, to give my daughter a husband who may be ashamed of me."

" The person I propose, (said Timantes) is precisely such a one as you like: he is rich, he is honest, and he will always respect you."—" What is he ?"—" I cannot tell you but at my own house, where I invite you to come and renew, over a bottle a friendship of forty years. Do me the favour to bring Angelica there. My daughter, who is her companion, shall have the honour of accompanying her: you shall both of you see the young man who demands her; and, to put you more at your ease, he shall not know that I have spoken to you of him.

The day arrived, and all parties met. How can I describe the hopes and fears of the young Timantes, who knew nothing beforehand of this meeting? Alcimon was impatient to see the young man proposed for his daughter, and, in the mean time, entered freely into conversation with the young Timantes, who was now become as remarkable for his care and industry, as he had been for his folly and extravagance.

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The old Timantes thought it was now time to proceed to business. "It requires a deal of time, (said he) to make one's fortune, and very little to ruin it! What a pity to have no longer mine to offer you! Instead of proposing to you a stranger, as a husband for this amiable young lady, I should have solicited that happiness for my son." "I should have preferred him to every body else," said Alcimon.—"Indeed."—"Ay, indeed; but you know, where one is liable to have a numerous family, there should be wherewithal to support it." "If it depends only on that, (said Timantes) the case is not desperate, and we may come to an agreement.

On saying these words, he rose from table, and returning the moment after, "There, (said he) there is my Porte-folio; it is pretty well furnished." Observing Alcimon's surprise. "Know, (added he) that my ruin is all a fiction. This young man had been spoiled by the notion of being born rich: to reform him, I knew no better method, than to make him believe I was ruined. This feint has succeeded, and he is now in a good way. I am even certain, that

that he has no desire to relapse into the errors of his youth, and it is time to trust him. It is for him, therefore, (said he to his friend) that I demand Angelica of you; and, if there be occasion for any new motive to engage you to grant her to him, I will confess to you, that he has conceived for her the most tender love, and that this love has done more than ill fortune itself towards attaching him to his duties."

While Timantes did but sound the disposition of Angelica's father, she herself, her friend, and her lover, had felt only the emotion and anxiety of hope and fear; but at sight of the Porte-folio, on hearing that the ruin of Timantes was but a feint, at the demand which he made himself of Angelica's hand for his son, Lucy, all wild and beside herself, flew into the arms of her father: the young Timantes, still more confused, fell at Alcimon's knees; and Angelica, her countenance overspread with paleness, had not power to lift up her eyes. Alcimon raised the young man with his embraces, and turning towards old Timantes, "My friend, (said he to him) when we would contrive an agreeable surprise, we must

must take instruction from you. Come you are a good father, and your son deserves to be happy."

Miss Thoughtful. This is an excellent lesson for indulgent parents and extravagant children. Happy they, who have such a father as Timantes, and happy they, who have such a son as Valerius, that will at last listen to the voice of reason, and pursue the paths of virtue and prudence!

DIALOGUE X.

Master Thoughtful. I Think I have now a right to expect some kind of entertainment from Goodwill. He cannot excuse himself, as we have not yet troubled him.

Goodwill. I am ever ready to oblige. Excuses are troublesome to society, as they are productive of importunity. I will not run into this error, but read you the following story.

Polydore was the son of very rich parents who, dying long before Polydore came of age, left him, and a large fortune, to the care

care of an uncle, who was likewise guardian to a young lady, whose parents died in her infancy. Arietta was the name of this infant beauty, who had been almost the inseparable companion of Polydore. When the one was corrected for a fault, the other failed not to be equally afflicted: they would meet in private, hang round each other's neck, and express their grief by their innocent tears.

As they grew up, what at first was only friendship, ripened into love, and nature seemed to have formed them for each other. Polydore's father had taken notice of the inclinations of these little-ones, and made Avarus promise, (to whose care on his death bed he committed him) that, should the same disposition for each other continue when grown to maturity, he would unite their hands in the sacred ties of Hymen. This he most solemnly promised.

Unfortunately, Avarus had a base and ungenerous soul, whose idol was gold: he looked upon the lessons of moral philosophers as dull and insipid, and as formed only to amuse fools and children; he had long been deaf to the stings of conscience, and was therefore

therefore capable of every thing that was base and contemptible.

So bigotted was Avarus to his riches, and so blind to his own interest, that on the death of his wife, he sent his only son into the country, where he was bred up to the farming business, while his education was almost totally neglected. He had in vain endeavoured to sow the seeds of contention between Polydore and Arietta; for their hearts were too closely united to be separated by mean artifices. He had formed a design of forcing Arietta to marry his son, by which means her estate would be kept in his family, and he should not be obliged to part with his own, while he lived.

But the obstacle to his wishes was Polydore. To remove this, he formed a pretence, that his agents in America had wronged and deceived him, and that he could trust no-body, on the important commission of adjusting his affairs there, but Polydore. Avarus hoped, either that he might perish on his voyage, or, on his arrival there, fall into the hands of the merciless Indians. At least, he concluded, he should have time to tamper with Arietta, and tho' Polydore should

should return, he might find the object of his soul married to his son.

The parting of the two lovers is a scene too tender to be described. Arietta fears every thing from the dangers of the sea, and the rudewinds; while Polydore attempts to comfort her, and takes his leave, in obedience to the commands of his uncle.

No sooner had Polydore sailed, than Avarus wrote down to his son, to order him up to London immediately. Robin, for such was his name, received the letter in the evening, as they were celebrating harvest home; they were dancing on the grass, to the sound of the tabor and the pipe.

Hogarth, See, ladies and gentlemen, the picture of rural amusements.



Goodwill. Robin read the letter, and prepared for his departure the next morning, tho' with the utmost reluctance, and without the least qualification for the intended purpose, He had been accustomed to a plain and homely village, where every thing was simple, innocent, and grateful to those, who could live contented with the necessities of life, and not torment themselves about superfluous enjoyments: he was an utter stranger to the libertinisms of a city, where night is turned into day, and where unthinking youths, inspired with the false notions of high-life and gallantry, enter upon those scenes, which at once disgrace human nature, and prove destructive to themselves.

Let me now return to Arietta, unhappy in her situation, having no parent to tell her tale to, nor friend to advise with. Hope, however, never totally forsakes the innocent bosom: she determined, if possible, to find out what were the intentions of Avarus, being certain he had some scheme in agitation. Her chamber-maid was now coming to her, to receive her orders, when a thought shot into her head, that servants frequently

I know

know more of the private affairs of families, than people are generally aware of; she therefore resolved to try her.

After having given the necessary orders, “Do you know, Delia, (said Arietta) the real purpose of Polydore’s voyage?” “Ah, Madam, (replied Delia, with some hesitation) I do know; but must beg to be excused.” “Why so? (said Arietta) if it is a secret, can you apprehend I would disclose it to your disadvantage?” “To convince you, madam, replied Delia that I have no such apprehension, I will tell you the whole. About a month ago, just before we came out of the country, as Betty and I were sitting one moon-light night in the arbour, at the bottom of the garden, listening to the enchanting voice of the nightingale, we heard somebody coming down the walk, and who should it be but Avarus. We were terribly frightened fearing he should discover us; but luckily, he did not. We sat as still as mice, and stirred neither hand nor foot: just as he passed by the arbour, we heard him mutter to himself: “If I can get Polydore out of the way, I will force Arietta to marry my son Robin, by which means I shall retain her fortune in

my own family, and make a handsome provision for my son, without dipping into my own cash. Then, again, should any accident happen to Polydore, there is no heir to demand his estate of me." This, madam, is the whole truth of the matter. I need not tell your ladyship, that I kept this secret with a deal of uneasiness."

It is natural to suppose, that the bosom of Arietta was now fired with anger and resentment, on finding, that the only man, who was her guardian, and ought to have been her protector, was the very person by whom she was betrayed. Mankind should be cautious how they draw on them the resentment of the fair, who seldom fail of finding means to retort the injuries they have received.

This honest confession of Delia, had won the heart of her amiable and injured lady, who made no scruple of confessing her passion for Polydore. "We must contrive, (said Arietta to her maid) some means of evading this storm. What say you?" "Oh madam, (replied Delia) nothing appears to me more easy: Master Robin is expected in town to-morrow morning: my master intends him as the rival of Polydore: now it

would serve both our purposes, if I were to rival you of him. Leave it to me, madam. What is it a woman cannot do, when she sets about it? Your ladyship will excuse me; I must be gone, and prepare for his reception." "You are an arch hussy, (cried Arietta) get about your business, do!"

The maid having quitted the room, Arietta entered nicely into the proposed method of avenging her injuries. She had a soul that could not submit to any thing mean and servile. Nothing appeared to her in this scheme either base or extravagant. She had reason to think, that Delia was born to a more exalted station than that of a waiting maid; and notwithstanding the natural vivacity of her maid, she frequently caught her absorbed in the profoundest reflections, but had never been able to draw from her the least confessions. Whenever she attempted to bring her to an explanation, she would sigh and retire.

Master *Thoughtful*. I would beg, ladies, some relief for Goodwill. We have not yet made a party on fishing. The feathered creation have furnished us with no small
matter

matter of delight. Let us try what the scaly tribe will afford us for amusement. ▽

DIALOGUE XI.

Miss Thoughtful. **I**F any thing can diminish the pleasure I have received from this polite assembly, it is the consideration how soon I shall be separated from them. I should have been very happy in hearing Miss Prattle and Master Foplin's tale; but, since time will not permit, Goodwill will be so obliging as to finish what he yesterday begun.

Goodwill. Avarus was now flattering himself, that every thing bore a promising aspect, and that he should soon bring matters to a happy conclusion, when his son Robin arrived; but the meeting of the father and son is too ridiculous to admit of description. After the son had received the necessary instructions from the father, without being first permitted to take any necessary refreshment after so long a journey, he was introduced to Arietta, who received

him with all the ease and freedom natural to a young lady of her accomplishments.

Robin, being willing to attempt to say something polite to his intended, compared her hands to the softness of lamb's wool, her eyes to two *Bristow* stone buttons, her lips to the sleepy poppy, and her cheeks to two redstreak apples. He was going on with his comparisons, when Arietta thought decency required her to retire, and Robin was not at all displeased on seeing her turn her back on him.

It was now Delia's turn to act her part: she consoled him on the length of his journey, how fatigued he must be, and begged him to take some kind of refreshment. Many words were not wanting to persuade him to this, and she managed matters so artfully, that Robin soon liked the maid better than the mistress.

Hogarth. I think I must give the picture of this honest countryman: see, gentlefolks, how heartily he is eating, and with what complaisance Delia waits on him!

Good-



Goodwill. While both parties were thus promising themselves success, an accident happened, which drove Arietta to despair, and filled Avarus with remorse. The latter received a letter from the captain of the ship in which Polydore had embarked, in which he acquainted him, that the day after they had left the river, a violent storm arose, which, in spite of all their efforts, drove them back on the coast, where their vessel went to pieces, when only himself and a few of the crew, made shift to reach the shore on the main-mast. He added, that the unfortunate Polydore was taken up the next day on the sands, and that his body
would

would soon reach London, to be interred, as his uncle should think proper.

After the first shock of this news, Avarus was more concerned for the disagreeable effects it might have on Arietta, than for the loss of Polydore. Had the marriage of Arietta with Robin been first brought about, the death of Polydore would have rather been a matter of pleasure to him than grief, but this seemed to bid fair for ruining every thing. However, to give matters a gloss, he determined to carry Polydore into the country, and there bury him in funeral pomp.

When they arrived there, Arietta, according to her former resolution, stole away by moon-light, determined never more to return. After having wandered some time, she at last reached the place where her lover was to be buried. She laid herself down on the grave, which was to receive her unfortunate Polydore, and there gave vent to her grief. Avarus, being informed of her flight, was seeking her every where, attended by his servants. Arietta, perceiving them at a distance coming towards her, rose from the
grave,

grave, and hid herself in a neighbouring thicket.

On their arrival in the church-yard, Avarus dispatched his servants different ways, with particular orders, if they found Arietta, to bring her to him ; but to use her with the utmost tenderness. Being left alone, the sense of his guilt, encreased by the glimmering of the pale-faced moon, and the place he was in, filled him with horror. " In that grave, (said he) lies Arietta's father, my once-noble, generous friend, and soon will be added to it the corps of the unfortunate Polydore ! Where is thy sting, remorse ! Life, without hope or peace, is worse than death, which puts an end to all."

Hogart b. I must beg leave, my companions, to trouble you with one more picture, which shall be the last. See the unhappy Arietta lying on the intended grave of the unfortunate Polydore ! bemoaning her loss, and bedewing his imaginary sepulchre with tears.

Good-



Good-will. Avarus, unable, to remain any longer in this place, went himself in pursuit of the fair fugitive. In the mean time, Arietta, after wandering thro' the woods all night, came, at the break of day, to the foot of a purling stream, where she seated herself on a turfy bank, and, drawing a dagger, which she had concealed under her cloaths, after calling on the solitary groves, and the faithful echoes, to bear witness to her injuries, was going imprudently to sheath it in her bosom : at this instant Polydore by chance came to the very spot, who seized the dagger from her, and caught her in his arms, where she fainted ; but his voice

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voice soon recovered her senses. “ Does Polydore still live, (said she) to make Arietta happy ?” “ Yes, (replied he) it was for her sake that heaven preserved him from the dangers of tempestuous winds and conducted him in safety here.”

At this instant Delia and Robin met on the same spot, when, every moment being precious, it was soon agreed, that the same parson, who was to have buried Polydore, should that instant join him to Arietta, and Robin to Delia, which was scarce finished, when Avarus and his servants came up to them.

How shall I describe the surprise of Avarus, when he found Polydore was living and married to Arietta? And, what was still worse, that his son Robin had given his hand to Delia? He retired, overwhelmed with shame, confusion and disappointment, and, soon taking to his bed, died broken-hearted. He was buried on that spot, over which Arietta had wept. They failed not, however, to pay all the tribute to his memory, which the duty of a son demanded, and pity to his unhappy disposition required. Delia proved to be the heiress of a considerable fortune, which

which her unjust guardians, had for some years, embezzled to their own use, and which, by the assistance of Polydore, she soon recovered.

CONCLUSION.

Children should learn from this useful story, never to be rash and presumptuous. This folly might have proved fatal to Arietta, had not Providence timely thrown Polydore in the way. Youth are too apt to be impatient even in the most trifling concerns. If every thing does not immediately second their unbounded wishes and their passions, they are, in a moment, the most unhappy of all mortals. There are hardly any, who will give themselves time to think, but can recollect some former particular wish, which they languished in secret to see completed, and for which they now sincerely thank heaven for not granting. The wish of mortals must be submitted to him, who alone knows, sees, and does, every thing!



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